

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Alexander Melville Bell, Eliza Symonds Bell, undated, with transcript

Copy of a letter written by Alexander Graham Bell to his parents and Carrie. Prince Arthur's Landing, Sunday night. 1875 or 1874 ? Dear Papa, Mama and Carrie:

The Cumberland leaves about midnight — so I scribble a note to let you know of our safety so far. I have sent you postal cards from the various places we stopped at and I would like to write you a long account of our voyage but there is no opportunity here. This place is so chock-full of people that we have to content ourselves with miner's quarters — viz — a pen in the garret. The garret is divided off into pens — like a stable — with the exception that each pen is a closet with a door which you can lock. These boxes, if I may call them so, are just large enough to accommodate a bed — leaving a little space over for undressing. Coats and I have the pleasure of possessing stall 19.

All the parlors have been turned into bed-rooms so I am forced to write this at the bar amid a crowd of (visible speech) the pipe is longer than Mama's tube, and reaches from his pocket to his mouth.

The view here is lovely. This place is quite a little town. By and bye it will doubtless be a city — as silver and lead are found [???] We propose hiring a tent for a week and camping out in the neighbouring hills. We shall probably remain till tomorrow (Monday) week when the “Cumberland” returns.

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Fishing superb. Scenery superb. Fresh air — ad lib.

I wish we were going to spend a month instead of a week in camping out.

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We have had a most delightful voyage and very agreeable companions. Very few ladies. Only two young ladies and a few little girls and I think five other ladies.

However Coats as usual deep in a flirtation with one lady — trace of Indian blood in her — rather pretty and poor Coats! — Married.

As the Cumberland will leave shortly and leave us to our fate I must close.

No fear from miners or others — we both carry loaded revolvers — and sleep with them under our pillows.

With much love, Aleck. P. S. If I have any opportunity of sending a line on board the “Chicora,” which will be here tomorrow or Tuesday morning — I shall write again. AGB.